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## Sunken Stars.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen;" translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

"Now all is still and darksome,  
Leaf, bloom, all blown away;  
The star in dust is scattered,  
Long silent the swan's last lay."  
—HEINE.

There was once a wonderfully beautiful birch, that stood on an enamelled carpet of turf, and looked out boldly into the world; at the foot of the noble tree bubbled a crystal clear fountain. Now there is scarcely any more delightful sight, than a strong birch-tree, with its slender silvery trunk and bright green leaves, whose delicate cheeks zephyr kisses with so much warmth! The birch-tree is truly the poetry of the woods! The tree, however, of which I am now talking, was more than ordinarily fine, and far and wide one might seek a prouder birch or a pleasanter fountain; the spring, and all the flowers and trees in the land knew that well; but the slender tree and the fountain knew it not themselves. On the head of the birch lay an eternal spring, that murmured incessantly in its branches. Enchanting creatures floated earthwards from it, dropped into the open hearts of the flowers, and thence wandered over all lands; the trees waved their heads in delight, and even the old pines and firs, on whose brows icy winter sat enthroned, forgot their snowy locks, and dreamed their youths' summer come back again. It often seemed as though the wood, and all the life within it, must be celebrating some holy feast, so rich and solemn were the melodies that the birch-tree sang to the world. But the happiest listener of all was the fountain! Was not every tone, every harmonious sigh, yes, every breath of the beloved tree audible to her before all others? Did she not gladly mirror the form of the birch in her silvery flowing flood? And was she not a sweet echo of the tones that dropped like dew from the branches? But the brooklet sang also; charming, clear was her dainty little song; the beautiful tree rocked merrily to its sonnet. But the most ravishing thing of all was the conversation between the birch and the fountain; then the shining tree drooped his head lower and lower; it seemed as though the spring must be his only confidant, and the golden light of his leaves fell like sparks in the crystal; the fountain gushed forth and wove harp-like chords in the birch-song, so that one scarcely knew whether the enchanted beings floated up or down, whether the brook or the birch-tree sounded. They were continually surrounded by birds, butterflies and insects, that came from near and far to listen. It then would not unfrequently happen, that a thick bumble bee, in accordance with his natural grumbling humor, would put on a reproving frown, and murmur: "It would sound far better, if the brook bubbled in E, instead of C minor; and a slower movement would do no harm"—and so on: or a peevish, envious wood-pecker, proud of his grumbling profession, would determine that the birch

sang far too often, that its voice was no longer so strong as it had been," &c.

However, the grateful chorus of joy from countless other listeners drowned all such ill-natured grumbling and croaking. So they lived, so they loved, so they sang day after day; neither could live without the other, and the life of both was, although seemingly apart, but one harmonic whole. Even in their dreams they whispered to each other. And the spring told all the flowers about the wonderful tree; and then one would think that the tree itself sang, so noble and true was the brook's story. And the flowers looked admiringly into its clear depths, and bowed their heads, when it overflowed; but the rose of love was the most busy flower of all; and at last she fell right into the heart of the fountain, that now swelled forth brighter than ever, shimmering with a rosy glow.

The angels who wander in the garden of Paradise saw the sport of the tree and the water, and were never tired of watching how the brook and the birch tree loved one another. "Ah, if we but had them both in our heavenly garden here!" said they to one another, and smiled so wishfully down, that the flowery eyes of the earth must weep to see it. And the dear God heard the wishes of the angels of light, and said to the sun-month: "Glowing one, kiss the clear brook away with thy softest kisses, so that it may flow yet clearer in our heavenly fields! Instead of earthly flowers, the golden haired angels shall bend over it." "And the noble tree?" asked the angels. "It shall follow its beautiful sister soul," said the dear God. "These two are eternally one."

And the sun-month kissed the clear, gushing fountain, so full of life, just when she was talking of the singing tree to a circle of listening flowers. The brooklet was drained up by the burning touch of that fiery kiss; over her grave drooped the unwithering rose of love.

And the beautiful tree?

When the mouth of his loving, sisterly companion became silent, when her clear eye closed, when her soul, that spotless mirror of the tree, had passed away; then his boughs drooped, seeking the ground; the shining gold of the luxuriant leaves rained down in dew-pearls. Its fresh green paled away; slowly all joy left it, then beauty, then strength, and at last, life. The proud, sunny tree died also.

I wish I had been only telling you a fable; but the lovely couple, birch-tree and fountain, really lived on earth, and clothed in the human form. The spring-fresh, blessed tree, with whose sweet songs the poetry of the wood of song was silenced, we named FELIX MENDELSSOHN; and the wonderful brooklet was a noble woman, whose brow was crowned with the shining diadem of Art; a loving wife, a tender mother, the glorious sister soul and most intimate friend of the early departed:—FANNY HENSEL.\*

\*Wife of the artist Hensel. It is said that an extra-

ordinary affection, and a sort of magnetic rapport, existed between Mendelssohn and his sister; they were always sick or well at the same time. At the time of her death, (which shortly preceded her own,) he cried out that a nerve in his brain had snapped, and he was never again himself. Fanny Hensel possessed no common creative musical powers; and some of the songs published under her brother's name, were, it is said, composed by her.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Translated for this Journal.

## Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 380.)

The second act begins with a march of priests, which Mozart has borrowed from his *Idomeneo*, a buried treasure, out of which he allowed himself to take now and then a few gold pieces and put them in circulation. If these self-plagiarisms needed any other excuse, we should say that the composer, in thus recurring to his own thoughts, never failed to enrich them as to substance and perfect them as to form. If one compares the two marches, he will find how far that in the *Zauberflöte* excels its pattern, as well in essential design as in wealth of instrumentation, and through the majesty of its exalted priestly character. The first version is a sketch, the other a finished painting by a master hand.

The priests' march is followed by an invocation, just as in *Idomeneo*; only this time instead of finding a new borrowing, we must notice a very remarkable contrast. While the appeal to Neptune reminded us of the images of heathen worship; while that was ornate in the orchestral working and flowery in its style; here, on the other hand, the prayer to Osiris and Isis, in its sublime simplicity, approaches the Christian *chorale*, while at the same time the broad periods and the melodic flow, which one likes in an opera aria, are preserved. It is the harmony, particularly in the chorus in the middle and at the end of this divine song, that lends it its strongly pronounced taste of church music. The accompaniment is attached to the melodic design only in broad and full chords, and with the largest kind of effect. You hear no violins, no flutes; but violas, a violoncello, bassoons and trombones, in serious and mighty harmony, through which the voice of the high priest, like a great cloud of incense, ascends alone to heaven. It resounds (that is, it always ought to resound) like those mighty voices, which rival the power of the Organ, shaking the vaults of old cathedrals, and so finding a deep echo in the souls of the believers. The musical rôle of Sarastro maintains itself unchangeably at this height.

We pass over the Duet, No. 12 (two priests), and the Quintet, No. 13 (the three ladies, Tamino and Papageno), which are composed to words which are hardly composable, to say one word about No. 14. This is the arietta of the Moor, who wants to give a kiss to the sleeping Pamina; an arietta which belonged unquestionably purely

to the domain of Schikaneder. Its melody is insignificant and common, yet the musician understood how, with the aid of instrumentation, to make it rather original. The violins, which move in the octave above with the voice, the passages of the first flute, which seem to announce some sort of a show, as the exhibition of a tame bear, for example, the multitude of phrases in semiquavers executed by the orchestra *unisono*, the whole accompaniment, so wholly unusual in form, give to the piece a character of rollicking and block-head merriment, perfectly in harmony with the brutal purposes and black face of *Monstrosos*.

From this point onward the great beauties of the second act crowd one upon another and fill it out to the very end, with the exception of a few light interruptions occasioned partly by the checked, heterogeneous medley of the scenes which intermingle the sublime and common in the drama, and partly by the fundamental condition in the contract into which the musician had entered with the composer. The Queen of Night, whose part Mozart had adapted to the extraordinary vocal means of his sister-in-law, Hofer, had already announced itself in the first act by a desperate bravura aria. But the second aria: *Der Hölle Rache* (The vengeance of Hell), to which we now come, is quite a different thing. It allows the singer no middle way, if she would sing this frightful piece as it is written. Either she mounts to the stars, if her high F is pure enough to take her there; or, if she cannot reach it, there is nothing left for her but to hide the shame and mortification of her failure through the trap-door, which the poet, in anticipation of the sad catastrophe, has opened for her. Transposition affords an easy and customary means for avoiding this danger, and preserving to the work the only piece of strong and lasting passion found in it. There is nothing finer than the declamatory portion of this aria and the sentence of recitative which terminates it. For us, though, it has the great disadvantage of being too much overlaid with *staccato* passages, to which at this day we are not partial, and for good reasons; but this may be easily remedied by changing the pointed quavers into tied semiquavers on the same melodic figure, and gaining capital roulades by the means.

Immediately after this enraged cry of vengeance, Schikaneder, great moralist as he was, gives us an antidote against the blood-thirsty words, which the Queen of Night has just thundered out; a text full of human love, a bit of preaching, in which revenge is condemned and men are exhorted to love one another like brothers. The voice, which had invoked Isis and Osiris, now also calls to mind their heavenly doctrines: *In diesen heiligen Hallen kennt man die Rache nicht* (Within these sacred halls vengeance is unknown). *Larghetto*, E major. Sarastro strives passionately for the welfare of humanity, as the Queen of Night does for revenge; and so he makes the hearer feel what the poet has put into his mouth as a mere moral commonplace. Hence the deep charm and the indestructible power of this air, which breathes the most loving tenderness, the most impressive unction, and which, when worthily delivered, is far more certain to draw tears, than many a piece in which the artistic means of pathos are pushed to the extreme limit. But Mozart has employed here only very simple means; a song of twenty-five measures, which adheres strictly to its key, with-

out any sort of modulation; abstemiously chosen orchestral figures; for ornament an imitative movement, *motu contrario*, and the repetition of a vocal period by the flute, while the voice descends into the low tones, which have before served as a bass to this very period: such are the elements of a composition, whose power I have declared indestructible. In what proofs has it not already stood the test?

For nearly half a century all the singers endowed with a deep voice have chewed upon this air again, wherever there has been an orchestra, a piano or a guitar, and even without these. Nor must it be forgotten, that nearly all have caricatured it, partly from want of school, and partly because bass voices, when they have the compass to sing Sarastro and other parts of this kind, very frequently want power or beauty in the low fifth from D to A; and thus it often happens, that the orchestra must make good the tones wanting in the voice.

No. 17. Terzet. The flute and magic bells, which no doubt had been confiscated as suspicious goods at Sarastro's custom house, are restored to their possessors by the Genii, who also bid them to partake of a collation. For the weary travelers this situation is of course a decidedly fine one; but far less so for the composer. In the prosaic capacity of stewards and butlers, the Genii can no longer show the character which distinguished them upon their first appearance. In this Trio, Mozart, for want of something better, had recourse to musical painting. He remembered that the Genii had wings and he let these wings be heard in the orchestra, in little reiterated strokes, which play so lively and briskly, that you seem to hear the buzz and hum of insects on their restless flight. This form of accompaniment keeps on during the pauses of the voices to the end, and is of enchanting grace.

Pamina has been so badly treated in the first act (by the composer of the words), that Mozart must have seized with eagerness an opportunity to avenge the wrong done to this interesting person. The text of No. 18 was very favorable to his purpose. It is one of the happiest ideas in the libretto, where what is good occurs only accidentally. Pamina resolves to put an end to an existence, which love has but just called into life; in her view there is no place of refuge left for her except the grave. Dramatically viewed, no doubt it is very absurd in this young maiden to wax so desperate for nothing; but who of us has not at some time, in the sincerity of terrible conviction, said to himself: "Yes, all is over, all is lost, forever lost, and ah! life is so long! What shall I do with it?" And for what reason have we addressed this mournful monologue to ourselves? Because of the failure of an expected meeting perhaps, or any trivial disappointment. In just this case does this young maiden find herself, and for this reason naturally her aria moves in the most plaintive, melancholy elegiac chords. *Ja, ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden* (Yes, I feel that it has vanished!): *Andante*, G minor, 6—8. This air or Cavatina has an expression drawn by the musician out of the inmost depths of his soul; and for this reason it will always penetrate to the soul of the listener, so long as loving and waiting shall be the lot of humanity. By its ending in the vocal part and by the simplicity of its accompaniment, the piece approaches somewhat the character of a *romanza*. The instrumental melo-

dy is heard in it only from time to time, and as it were like a fleeting echo of the voice. But let not this deceive us; this seeming simplicity conceals harmonic treasures. Mark how the most downright dissonances marry themselves with the tenderest accords in the fifth and sixth measures, where the chord of the *major seventh* alternates so exquisitely with the chord of the *superfluous sixth*. In another place the dry harmony of the *minor ninth* shows itself on two different tones, with all their intervals and with a wonderful effect. There is one place particularly, a harmonic *illusion*, with which we can compare nothing in its kind. It is a perfect cadence, which occurs in the voice part, measure 33, but which the composer has avoided, by making the ground-bass ascend a fifth instead of a fourth. Must one not be a Mozart thus to interrupt the modulation and lead it back in this way to the tonic, upon which the song dissolves in tears! And what a stroke of genius is shown in the *ritornel* at the end, that chromatic bass, which flows away so gracefully amid the sobbing syncopations of the flute and violins! Beauty of style and depth of expression in a piece of this description could not be carried farther.

(To be Continued.)

### To the Muse.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Whither? albeit I follow fast,  
In all life's circuit I but find  
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,  
Fleet Beekoner, more shy than wind!  
I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,  
With soft, brown silence carpeted,  
And think to snare thee in the woods:  
Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled!  
I find the rock where thou didst rest,  
The moss thy skimming foot hath prest;  
All Nature with thy parting thrills,  
Like branches after birds new-flown:  
Thy passage hill and hollow fills  
With hints of virtue not their own;  
In dimples still the water slips  
Where thou hast dipped thy finger-tips;  
Just, just beyond, forever burn  
Gleams of a grace without return;  
Upon thy shade I plant my foot,  
And through my frame strange raptures shoot;  
All of thee but thyself I grasp;  
I seem to fold thy luring shape,  
And vague air to my bosom clasp,  
Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!

One mask and then another drops,  
And thou art secret as before.  
Sometimes with flooded ear I list  
And hear thee, wondrous organist,  
Through mighty continental stops  
A thunder of strange music pour;—  
Through pipes of earth and air and stone  
Thy inspiration deep is blown;  
Through mountains, forests, open downs,  
Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and towns,  
Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on,  
From Maine to utmost Oregon;  
The factory wheels a rhythmic hum;  
From brawling parties concords come;—  
All this I hear, or seem to hear;  
But when, enchanted, I draw near  
To fix in notes the various theme,  
Life seems a whiff of kitchen-steam,  
History a Swiss street-singer's thrum,  
And I, that would have fashioned words  
To mate that music's rich accords,  
By rush approaches startle thee,  
Thou mutablest Poverty!  
The world drones on its old *tum-tum*,  
But thou hast slipped from it and me,  
And all thine organ-pipes left dumb.

Not wearied yet, I still must seek,  
And hope for luck next day, next week.  
I go to see the great man ride,  
Ship-like, the swelling human tide  
That floods to hear him into port,

Trophied from senate-hall or court:  
Thy magnetism, I feel it there.  
Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,  
Making the mob a moment fine  
With glimpses of their own Divine,  
As in their demigod they see  
Their swart ideal soaring free;  
'Tis thou that bear'st the fire about,  
Which, like the springing of a mine,  
Sends up to heaven the street-long shout:  
Full well I knew that thou wast here;  
That was thy breath that thrilled mine ear;  
But vainly, in the stress and whirl,  
I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst run,  
Protrus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,  
Well pleased with logger-camps in Maine  
As where Milan's pale Duomo lies  
A stranded glacier on the plain,  
Its peaks and pinnacles of ice  
Melted in many a quaint device,  
And sees, across the city's dia,  
Afar its silent Alpine kin;  
I track thee o'er carpets deep  
To Wealth and Beauty's lustiest keep;  
Across the sand of bar-room floors,  
'Mid the stale reek of boozing bores;  
Where drowse the hayfield's fragrant heats,  
Or the fall-heart of Autumn beats;  
I dog thee through the market's throngs,  
To where the sea with myriad tongues  
Laps the green fringes of the pier,  
And the tall ships that eastward steer  
Curtsy their farewells to the town,  
O'er the curved distance lessening down;—  
I follow allwhere for thy sake.—  
Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'ertake,—  
Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,  
Warm from thy limbs, their last disguise.—  
But thou another mask hast donned,  
And lovest still, just, beyond!

But here a voice, I know not whence,  
Thrills clearly through mine inward sense,  
Saying, "See where she sits at home,  
While thou in search of her dost roam!  
All summer long her ancient wheel  
Whirls humming by the open door,  
Or, when the hickory's social zeal  
Sets the wide chimney in a roar,  
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,  
It modulates the household mirth  
With that sweet, serious undertone  
Of Duty, music all her own;  
Still, as of old, she sits and spins  
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins;  
With equal care she twines the fates  
Of cottages and mighty states;  
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,  
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,  
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,  
The budding and the fall of the leaf;  
The piping west-wind's snowy care  
For her their cloudy fleeces spare.  
Or from the thorns of evil times  
She can glean wool to twist her rhymes;  
Morning and noon and eve supply  
To her their fairest tints for dye,  
But ever through her twirling thread  
There spires one strand of warmest red,  
Tinged from the homestead's genial heart,  
The stamp and warrant of her art;  
With this Time's sickle she outweaves,  
And blunts the Sisters' buffed shears.

"Harass her not; thy heat and stir  
The greater coyness breed in her;  
Yet thou mayst find, ere Age's frost,  
Thy long apprenticeship not lost,  
Learning at last that Stygian Fate  
Supplies for him that knows to wait.  
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns  
Her love to him who pines and plains;  
With proud, averted face she stands  
To him who wooes with empty hands.  
Make thyself free of manhood's guild;  
Pull down thy barns and greater build;  
The wood, the mountain, and the plain  
Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain;  
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold;  
Glean from the heavens and ocean old;  
From fireside lone and tramping street  
Let thy life garner daily wheat;  
The epic of a man rehearse,  
Be something better than thy verse,  
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse

Shall court thy precious interviews,  
Shall take thy head upon her knee.  
And such enchantment lit to thee,  
That thou shalt hear the lifeblood flow  
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,  
And find the Listener's science still  
Transcends the Singer's deepest skill!"

(Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music from the "Deutsche Vierteljahrs-Schrift.")

### On Music and its Position in Popular Life.

(Continued from page 387.)

In addition to his lofty spiritual music, J. S. Bach has, with singular dignity and variety of style, applied the French dance to his English and French *Suites*, and adapted it in his *Sonatas*; to the violin alone, as well as to the violin with piano accompaniment. As rivals of the Bach master-pieces, we may name the Hungarian and Wallachian Dances and popular Songs, which are remarkable for similar vigor, and a wealth in figure and rhythm, as well as for *fact* and movement; these came into vogue during the last few years by the frequent public representations of the "Locz Capelle," under Kalozdy; an evidence of the universality of the genuine musical nature and of its spontaneity among all peoples.

How much joy and sorrow, passion and catastrophe, how many recollections in the every day life of the people are associated with the dance and go hand in hand with it, we all well know, and its cheerful echoes are ever cast back upon us from the young hearts of every nation. But we are loath to leave the people, and feel disposed to penetrate still further in among them and trace that fertile province of music, the *songs of the people*.

Popular song is such an evident ebullition of the popular heart, it gives such forcible utterance to the most expressive language of every individual people, that it excels all word-language in distinctness, articulation and character.

But popular song is as much varied in its characteristics as language itself. The student of musical philosophy will soon discover the contrasts between the Russian, Polish, Swedish, Irish, Scottish, French, Spanish, Wallachian people's songs. The most marked of the Italian songs are probably the Neapolitan and Calabrian people's songs, and among these is found the well known *Tarantella*:—but in Italy music in general, and above all opera music, is so indigenous, that people's music is not especially an object of attraction. In Germany the song is so purely at home, that it may be called the property of the German people; it has, at the same time, attained such a high point of cultivation, and has so enlarged its compass and richness, both in melody and expression, that it may truly be said to have reached every chord of the human heart. In the meantime the modern popular song, owing to the general prevalence of musical culture, is not so characteristic as among other peoples; a cause for that may be sought in the fact that modern German music is passing through its epoch of fermentation, which is unfavorable to the existence of the people's song. The people's songs have often been introduced into the great works of art, and by the German masters, such as Beethoven, Weber, Ries, Spohr. But successful imitations of the people's song are also found among new composers, such as Julius Otto and Johannes Hager, of Vienna. Most of the people's songs, particularly those of the North, are found in minor keys; plaintive and touching, they are expressive of a longing for a better existence, but, at the same time, are descriptive of grateful joy for the beauty of the surrounding world.

Among modern composers, Beethoven, Carl Maria von Weber, Klein, Reissiger, Curschmann, Mendelssohn and, above all others, the swan of Vienna, Franz Schubert, have distinguished themselves in the various departments of German song.

The richness which surrounds and wells forth from

the songs of Schubert is wonderful; the collections known as the "Winterreise" and the "Schwanen-gesang," are but single numbers among the mass of nearly one hundred and fifty similar productions. In song, Franz Schubert's success has been of the highest and best character. But in the more humble walks of popular life we find a mass of people's songs, which, for the most part, are the echo of the German soul. Fink has given us a large compilation. At labor, in their wanderings, in a distant land, in the joyous circle, the people's song affords to untold human beings the consciousness that they belong to and form a part of the great whole of the people.

Among every nation there is always at work an effort to place before the mind, in engaging modes of representation, the deeds of the past. In word-language Art is always tending from Epos to perfected tragedy and comedy, and a similar transition is discoverable in Music, when we trace representation in its progress from church music and oratorio to the present opera; but its improvement in this species of description lies more in its vividness and its passion, and its use of palpable forms which may be termed external. If the opera, as a well known modern poet has advanced, were a mere combination of sense and nonsense, or if the relation of the text to the music were merely accidental, and possessed no inner necessity, then the opera, certainly, would prove a deplorable product.

But it is not so. The opera has furnished us, by a full realization of actions, the most complete, the utmost attainable results to be found in all dramatic representation. It is natural to suppose that the language of words and that of tone, when judiciously associated, should add to each other's effect, for we have evidences of it in many a simple song. Music possesses this great advantage that, by means of its accords, its harmonies, and even with a single one, it can fill some leading word-thought with manifold incidental conceptions or a series of congenial emotions, for whose expression many words would be requisite. We are not now referring to tone-painting, which aims chiefly at an imitation of external and audible action or situation in the text, as for example the clacking of the mill, the tread of horses, the voices of animals; tone-painting possesses value, only when it expresses musical thoughts which awaken the recollection of preceding natural sounds in the text, and then spiritualize them. In the opera, suitable music imparts a certain ground character to the text, and leaves upon the whole an impress of unity; it gives life to the expression of feeling and passion in the text, invests the chorus with an unattainable power, dignity and beauty, and, in recitative, displays the innate connexion and affinity of the two languages, that of words and of tone.

In the light, pleasing and happy treatment of the recitative, the Italian finds no rival; but in a noble and overpowering style, allied in its effects to the Greek tragedy, we find the immortal Gluck in his world-renowned operas filling the recitative with vigor, truth and beauty. The operas of Gluck, particularly the two *Iphigenias*, *Alceste* and *Armida*, the remarkable creations of Mozart in this department of tone, and the intellectual tone-fictions of Carl Maria von Weber, may be ranked not only among the treasures of the German people, but of the whole world. The influences such works exert upon a healthy humanity is manifest at all times and places, and the musical language of a Weber and a Mozart is now spoken throughout the limits of civilization.

The modern Italian school, however, is not without importance; Rossini's musical wealth is well known, and, in this regard, he is the greatest musical genius the world has ever known. But his vast creative power has usually carried him too hastily across the limits that define a proper depth of treatment. That he is capable of performing any thing, we have ample evidence in his "Tell," which is the noblest



and most perfect work in this department, the great opera age has yet seen. With due reverence to our Schiller be it said, that what Rossini has expressed in the scene of the apple, was not attainable by the poet's words;—it furnishes a model of force and versatility in the expression of the language of tone. While Tell, in all his noble dignity, faces the tyrant, and gives vent to the struggling emotions of a father's heart, two violins playing the same notes accompany his dejected song, while his breast is torn by contending thoughts:—the whole gives a magical revelation of the inner scenes of a father's heart, and while the spectator listens with astonishment, the running notes of the C major scale announce the final flight of the arrow.

The impressions left by the scene on the Rütli are also of the most striking nature: here the gay Italian, at other times, almost arrogant in his music, discovers the heroism of passion in an insulted people. The more recent Italian tone-poets have given us rather diluted performances, yet the searching tenderness of Bellini, and the lively power of representation found in Donizetti, together with the musical richness of both, are not to be too lightly valued. Bellini's melodies, beautiful in their simplicity and approaching a degree of grandeur in that simplicity, are supposed to derive their origin from the Calabrian people's songs, which bear the impress of their old Grecian parentage. But if we wish to keep in view the great significance of the opera, as a portion of the life of the people, we dare not omit the French. The first glittering characters that present themselves in this direction are Mehul, Boieldieu and Cherubini. Mehul is familiar to us by his "Jacob and his sons," an opera which furnishes the strongest musical requirements, ignores the worldly passion of female love, but out of the simple scriptural narrative calls the most touching beauty, the deepest passion and the purest sublimity.

Boieldieu is one of those incomprehensible beings who furnish the most beautiful and attractive matter of thought under the gayest and most unassuming forms. His "John of Paris" and his "White Lady" are an illustration of this.

He has a fine perception of the true spirit of knight-errantry, which contains more depth than it discloses, clothing its fervor in a lively and joyous exterior, and thus investing itself with an indescribable fascination. In the "White Lady" he has drawn from the heart of popular life a subject which he has at once ably represented and animated—a public auction.

This is a convincing proof that more depends on treatment than on matter. Cherubini's "Water Carrier" shows, in an equal degree, how music can select an interesting transaction and invest it with a certain ornamentation, which will crown it with beauty, and leave it unforgetten. The power of musical execution, by means of which Stradella disarmed his murderer, has been most vividly shown by Flotow, in the prayer of his opera of the same name. Chopin, on his death-bed, called for this song and died during its performance. In putting an end to further details, we cannot omit the "Fidelio," of Beethoven, and we name this opera by way of transition to another form.

"Fidelio" is the lofty and beautiful work of a spiritual colossus that seizes upon our innermost being while it inspires and delight us; but Beethoven's bold and mighty spirit could not allow itself to be fettered by the contracted form of opera. Although Music can effect great things in combination with words, yet she can dispense with them, and indeed casts aside the restraint whenever she feels disposed to soar into the regions of unlimited freedom. Hence some of the choicest music is the "music without words;"—this leads us to the Symphony and to Beethoven.

Our space being limited, we can here only confine our quotations to the most finished examples of this

order of music, and probably of all that passes under the name of Music, the Symphonies of Beethoven. These, as every sensitive hearer must acknowledge, are truly worlds of tone. We would rather remain silent respecting them, than say the little we have to say. Sprung from a spirit who united in himself all the greatness and beauty that could be found in his race, these productions are working their way apace among mankind, and spreading the consciousness of the nobility of nature that it always possesses.

In the periodical representation and repetition of the Beethoven Symphonies, Leipzig has distinguished itself above all other portions of Germany. In these works, Beethoven has displayed such a perfect command of this entire ground of music, transcending all the known rules of musical representation, that there is much truth in the remark that he used the orchestra as his instrument.

In these Symphonies, we are supposed to recognize all that is passing in the spiritual world; the land of our visible existence, of society, of the world beyond us.

This master genius raises his wand and plays with our fancies at the impulse of his will;—he trifles with the greatest extremes; with majesty, with puerility; with towering passion, with soothing repose; with riotous humor, with the greatest tenderness; with capricious ill-temper and fretfulness, with heavenly peace. We would not have the reader ascribe these views to an overwrought enthusiasm; for we maintain that all noble, beautiful and genuine music is so constituted, that touching emotion, gratification, comfort, beseeching, warning, reflection, &c., and even the conceptions of a more perfect sphere and of a more perfect harmony may come under its powers of portrayal. With all due reverence, we must here bear testimony to the merits of our other two great masters in the department of Symphony, Haydn and Mozart.

While they present themselves before us, the glorious among human spirits, the mood of praise is due to father Haydn who leads the dance in such a pleasing and edifying style; who has sown the seed for the subsequent greatness of the other two illustrious masters; and who can scarcely be said to be their inferior in all that relates to invention and originality.

Of all the forms of musical expression, the Symphony is the most diversified, comprehensive and unrestrained. On a smaller scale and more restructured as to musical means, the so-called Chamber music assumes many of the forms of the Symphony; but chamber music is naturally much older than the Symphony, for this is the summit of all instrumental music, having risen up to its present elevation out of its more inferior grades until it attained the Beethoven height. And it is here that music becomes more emphatically a theme for head and heart. Shining from that summit we behold that noble constellation, who form an embodiment of the universality of the German mind, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. The performances of these musical heroes exceed the scope of ordinary comprehension.

Let us confine ourselves to a cursory view of Sonatas for piano, for piano and violin; of Trios for piano, violin and violoncello, of which the few that are known are in themselves a mine; in addition to them we have all the great productions in this department of Mozart and Beethoven. Let us bear in mind the delightful piano quartets of Mozart, and the Beethoven sextets for wind and stringed instruments, and arranged by himself for other instruments; and lastly the beautiful trios of Mozart and Beethoven, and especially those left us by the latter, which are some of the finest musical forms that were ever created.

Most conspicuous among these compositions are the quartets [for two violins, viola and violoncello, sometimes changed into a quintet by the addition of another viola or violoncello. For these arrangements

too are we indebted to the great German Triad. Here we are again forced to divide our admiration between the versatility, the originality, the perpetual bloom and unrivalled art-forms of father Haydn, who himself has produced eighty works of this description; the quartets of Mozart bearing the impress of his own transcendent beauty, and, lastly, the Beethoven quartets, in the first six of which we find Mozart's beauty blended with Beethoven's depth; while in those of a later date we can trace the spirit of his symphonies, more profound, more striking, more creative, while at the same time, they display an air of wildness, and are anon so strange as to draw admiration only from adepts. Yet these are worlds of tone, of incomparable wealth, and it only shows a want of appreciation to denounce those works as the progeny of a confused mind, who was unfortunately deprived of his outer sense of hearing, although it is undeniable that they often seem to go beyond the boundaries of music, and struggling, as it were, under earthly restraints, would gladly emancipate themselves from musical law. Over many of his *Partitures* Haydn wrote, in *nomine Domini*, and under them *laus Deo*, and he did right.

In chamber music a few more worthy productions should here be enumerated, such as Onslow's Quartets and Quintets, particularly those of an early period; the three Quartets of Ferdinand Ries, dedicated to Prince Radziwill; those of Andreas Romberg, Mendelssohn, Franz Schubert, Cherubini, Robert Schumann, Reissiger, Spohr, above all the early performances of this master. Among the later efforts which Art has left us for the violin, are found the piano trios of Hummel, the happy imitator of the Mozart style, the piano trios of Franz Schubert, the sonatas for piano and violin of Hauptmann, his duos for two violins, of remarkable meaning and effect; similar pieces by Viotti and Spohr, especially the earlier ones of the latter; since the later emanations of this composer are intended to test the capacity of the instruments. The Symphony may address itself to a whole people; we may even imagine that, in communion with Beethoven, we are listening to whole nations solemnizing their contests and their triumphs, that we are hearing all the nations of the earth in mighty chorus singing the great hymn of humanity; but in chamber music, the individual speaks to the individual; it is a genial and intellectual pastime, but which, under the form of musical thought and representation, of a discursive nature, seems to produce as good results as the conversations of congenial beings, and we may now assert that these musical entertainments operate with better results where the disclosures of a musical language are left to their undivided sway.

(Conclusion next week.)

(From the London Musical World, Feb. 4.)

### Beethoven's Songs.

The sonatas and other instrumental works of Beethoven have long been procurable, in various editions more or less complete, by the English amateur and professor of music; but his songs—which, whatever some critics may assert, comprise just as many beauties in their way—have been very sparsely circulated, and comparatively little known. They have never been collected and published, with or without English text, under one head, so as to be used or referred to without inconvenience. The recent appearance, therefore, of a volume which, to judge from its title-page, was evidently prepared with so desirable an object in contemplation, must have elicited unanimous satisfaction. Such a volume must set matters right, and place Beethoven's vocal music—among lovers of art in this country, where his name is unanimously revered—on the same familiar footing as his instrumental compositions. We believe that this conviction tended to bring the new work into considerable vogue; and it has hitherto passed muster without a question as to the integrity of purpose, and high respect for Beethoven, that should have swayed its projectors in the course of its progress through the press.

# THE MAY QUEEN.

45

Nor force her heart to do more... than it can! O..... for in -

Love keeps a re - cord more stern - ly than man!

- con - stan-ey blame not a mai - den, Nor force her heart to do

Love..... keeps.... a

more... than it can! Nor force her heart to do more than it can!

re - - cord, Love keeps a re - cord more sternly than man!

Nor force her heart to do more than it can.

Love keeps a re - cord more stern - ly than man!

*a tempo.*

*colla parte.*

*f f*

## THE MAY QUEEN.

No. 6.

'TIS JOLLY TO HUNT.

RECIT. and ARIA. (BASS.)

THE MAY-QUEEN.

VOICE.

But enough— my people gay Clamor for their Queen of May, And here come the

The musical score for the May-Queen's recitative and aria. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "But enough— my people gay Clamor for their Queen of May, And here come the".

ACCOMP.

THE LOVER.

*espress.*

fo-resters.—Led by yon-der boast-ful stranger—And the false one thus can tell I must

The musical score for the Lover's recitative and aria. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "fo-resters.—Led by yon-der boast-ful stranger—And the false one thus can tell I must".

bid my hope fare-well, Without blushing, without anger! What a heart of stone is hers!

The musical score for the Lover's recitative and aria. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "bid my hope fare-well, Without blushing, without anger! What a heart of stone is hers!".

No. 6.

'TIS JOLLY TO HUNT.

ARIA.

VOICE.

FLAUTO.

CON SPIRITO.

The musical score for the Lover's aria. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "FLAUTO." and "CON SPIRITO.".

# THE MAY QUEEN.

47

ROBIN HOOD.

'Tis jol-ly to hunt in the

bright moonlight, When a man can couch in the six-foot fern, And the

cold, crisp air of the Au-tumn night Makes the out-law's fag-got more clear-ly burn, Makes the

*p* *Assai staccato.* *Cres.* *pp*

out-law's faggot more clearly burn. After prayers, (Heaven bless him!) the fat, red priest Talks

*Staccato e p* *fp*

big of his park as he sits at his feast. There is not an Ab-bot from

*f* *Dim.* *sf*



## THE MAY QUEEN.

sea... to sea, But keep-eth the best of his deer for me, But keep-eth the best of his

deer for me. 'Tis merry to spend in the

Broad, broad town, When the Mayor snores loud o'er his cups of wine, And the

Mer - cer to clothe us must needs roll down His wool and his vel - vet so su - per - fine, His

wool and his vel-vet, so su-per-fine. Let the Mayor, (Heaven bless him!) so gravely sleep, Let the



"The Songs of Beethoven," with the original text—edited and adapted to English words by William Hills—is the publication to which we allude. We have but one charge to prefer against it; but that one is of a tolerably serious complexion. *The Songs of Beethoven* is a palpable misnomer—doubtless unintended, but not the less calculated to deceive. There are not above half the songs. We allude, of course, to the isolated songs—derived neither from opera nor cantata, from oratorio nor from any sacred or secular compositions on an extended scale, but merely songs *per se*, composed and published without reference to any context. Had Mr. Hills entitled his work—*A Selection from Beethoven's Songs, or The Songs of Beethoven*—Vol. I.—leaving it to be understood that another volume might follow in due course, there would have been no objection to make; but as the matter stands, we must strongly protest against such a title as he has invented being affixed to a compilation manifestly incomplete. It is as well, however, to substantiate our accusation against Mr. Hills by a few facts and data.

The interesting Catalogue ("Critical, Analogical, and Anecdotal") of Beethoven's compositions, drawn up by Herr W. von Lenz (in his enthusiastic treatise, entitled *Beethoven et ses Trois Styles*), and divided into four sections—the first under the category of numbered works (*Opera*), the second under that of numbers only, the third and fourth under that of letters—enumerates all the chamber songs of the great musician. Let us take them as we find them there:—

"Sechs geistliche Lieder. von Gellert." Op. 32.

Of these songs (dedicated to the Countess Browne, the wife of one of Beethoven's staunch adherents, to whom the set of trios for violin, viola and violoncello, and the piano-forte sonata in B flat, Op. 22, are inscribed) the volume of Mr. Hills (although bearing the comprehensive title of *The Songs of Beethoven*) does not contain a single example. One of them—the *Busslied* (in A minor)—is remarkable as having been arranged by Prince Nicholas Galitzin (to whom the so-called "Posthumous" quartets in E flat, B flat, and A minor, are inscribed) as a *funeral quintet*, dedicated to the "manes" of the illustrious composer.

The next reference in Herr Lenz's catalogue is to the famous "Adelaida," Op. 46, which, we need scarcely add, has for substantial reasons not been overlooked by Mr. Hills, although he has erroneously marked it "Op. 55."

The grand *serena*, for soprano-voice and orchestra—"Ah, perfido" (Op. 48)—although arranged by Beethoven himself with piano-forte accompaniment,\* is omitted from *The Songs of Beethoven*.

The veritable Op. 52—which comprises, in Simrock's catalogue, eight songs—

"8 Lieder, mit Begleitung des piano, von Claudius, Sophie Mereau, Goethe, und Lessing."

and to which the catalogue of Peters† adds four others—is more fortunate. In his collection of 31 songs, Mr. Hills has included eight of these, viz:—

- No. 2.—"Feuerfahrl" (Sophie Mereau.)
- 3.—"Das Liedchen von der Ruhe" (Bürger.)
- 4.—"Maigesang" (Goethe.)
- 5.—"Molly's Abschied" (Bürger.)
- 6.—"Ohne Liebe" (Lessing.)
- 7.—"Mourante" (Savoyard Song.)
- 8.—"La Partenza" (Metastasio.)
- 9.—"Ich liebe dich."

thus abandoning no less than four out of the series, which, with the six *Geistliche Lieder* and "Ah, perfido," already brings his sins of omission to the number of eleven.

From the renowned Op. 75, dedicated to the Princess Kinski:—

"Sechs Lieder mit Begleitung des piano von Goethe."

—Mr. Hills has appropriated the four which have attained the greatest measure of popularity, viz:—

- No. 1.—"Kennst du das Land" (Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*.)
- No. 2.—"Neue Liebe, neues Leben."
- No. 3.—"Es war einmal ein König" (The Song of the Flea, in *Faust*.)
- No. 4.—"Gretel's Warning" (*Faust*.)

throwing aside two, however—"An den fernem Geliebten" (which must not be confounded with the more celebrated *Liederkreis*), and "Der Zufriedne," of almost equal merit. Thirteen songs omitted from "THE songs, &c.!" But we have not yet nearly achieved our task.

\*The orchestral arrangement, in the catalogues of Whistling Artaria and Breitkopf, is numbered Op. 65; but Herr Lenz thinks himself justified in preferring and adopting the *opus* which, in the catalogue of Peters, is affixed to the pianoforte adaptation.

†Bonn.

‡Leipzig.

§To whose husband the *Mass* in C (Op. 86) is inscribed.

||Composed for Beethoven's favorite Madame Brentano ("Betina von Arnim") to whom he addressed it, with a letter containing the following glowing sentence:—"Seit ich Abschied von Dir genommen, liebes, liebes Herz."

From Op. 82, consisting of four songs and a duet, to Italian words:—

"Vier Arien und ein Duett, mit piano" (the German text adapted by Schreiber):—

the English editor has selected two, viz:—

- No. 1.—"Dimmi ben mio che m'amai,"
- 2.—"T'intendo sì mio cor."

dispensing with two which we cannot but regard as at least their equals—"Che fa il mio bene" (a genial *a la buffa*), and another "Che fa il mio bene" (*arietta assai seriosa*), setting forth the anxiety of an impatient lover—to say nothing of the charming duet, "Odi l'aura che dolce sospira" (sixteen omissions from "THE," &c.!).

From Op. 83 (dedicated to the Princess Kinski):

"Drei Lieder von Goethe, mit Begleitung des Piano."

Mr. Hills has taken all, but only placing the first (composed for "Betina")—"Wonne der Wehmuth, Trocknet nicht, Thränen" under the accredited *opus*, attaching to the third, "Mit einem gemahlten Bande" the name of Reissig (instead of Goethe) as poet, confounding it, probably, with some other song; and giving to the second, the well known *Sehnsucht*, "Was zieht mir das Herz so?" no *opus* at all.

Omission, No. 17, is "An die Hoffnung," song to poetry by Tiedge (dedicated to Princess Kinski), Op. 94. "An die ferne Geliebte" (*Liederkreis*, or cycle of songs), to texts of Jeitteles, dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz\*, one of the most constant and liberal of Beethoven's patrons (Op. 98); and "Der mann von Wort," words by Kleinschmidt (Op. 99); are appropriated by Mr. Hills, who, it may be added, has done wisely not to ignore them, especially the incomparably beautiful *Liederkreis*, justly styled, by Robert Schumann, the most intensely passionate of all love songs. The eighteenth omission of Mr. Hills is Op. 100:

"Merkenstein nicht Baden, Gedicht von Ruprecht, für eine oder zwei Singstimmen, mit piano."

"Der Kuss," (words by Weisse.)

"Ich war bei Chloen ganz allein—ariette für ein Sopran stimme mit piano—"

which, although marked Op. 128, is evidently an early work; "Der Wachtelschlag" ("Song of the Quail"), to a poem by Tiedge (placed by Lenz in his second section, as No. 24, but in the catalogue of Whistling, as Op. 24, together with the noble sonata in F major for piano-forte and violin); and a second "An die Hoffnung," poetry also by Tiedge, marked No. 32 by Lenz (Op. 52, by Peters); are all comprised by Mr. Hills in his collection; as also No. 38, "Die Sehnsucht," consisting of four short melodies (Goethe) with piano-forte accompaniment. The *Blüthen der Einsamkeit* (Flowrets of Solitude"), six songs to Reissig's words (third section, letter A, Lenz's Catalogue):

- No. 1.—"Die stille Nacht" (*Sehnsucht*.)
- 2.—"Ich zieh' ins Feld" (*Kriegers Abschied*.)
- 3.—"Der Frühling entblühet" (*Der Jungling in der Fremde*.)
- 4.—"Einst wohnen süsse Ruh" (*An den fernem Geliebten*, No. 3.)
- 5.—"Zwar schuf das Glück" (*Der Zufriedene*.)
- 6.—"Welch' ein wunderbares Leben" (*Der Liebende*.)

swell out the omissions to no less than four-and-twenty, which, added to several other fugitive pieces, to be found lettered in the third and fourth sections of Lenz's catalogue, form an important gap in the catalogue of Beethoven's songs, and justify us in protesting against the title-page with which Mr. Hills has dignified his thus very incomplete, however otherwise satisfactory, edition. Among the lesser known songs, Mr. Hills has included "An die Geliebte" (text of Stoll); "Das Geheimniss" (text of Wessenberg); "Als mir noch die Thräne der Sehnsucht nicht floss" (anonymous); "Ich denke, dein, wenn durch den Hain" ("Andenken"), words by Matthison, the poet of "Adelaida" (Op. 72, the same *opus* as *Fidelio*,† which Lenz places in his third section); "Der lebt ein Leben wönniglich" (*Lebensglück*, "Sympathy"), poetry by Kosegarten, or as Lenz makes it out, by Tiedge; and "Wenn die Sonne nieder sinket," an *Abendlied* ("Evening song"), which though marked Op. 103, is not named by Lenz, who arriving at that *opus* says briefly: "Il n'y a pas d'opera 103." On the other hand, while inserting a piece of the existence of which even the enthusiastic author of *Les Trois Styles* seems unaware, Mr. Hills strangely omits one of the most widely known of all the songs of Beethoven, the *contralto* air, to the words of Haydn's Italian biographer, the Abbé Carpani, the very popular "In questa tomba oscura."

With regard to the general correctness of the musical text, and the manner in which the German words are done into English verse (remarkable alike

\*To whom are also dedicated the Six Quartets, Op. 18, and other works of great interest.

†Introduced (although written for a soprano voice) with such success by Mr. Sims Reeves at the Monday Popular Concerts.

‡Elcomore, on die cheliche Liebe.

for freedom and elegance,) we have only unreserved praise to award; and if Mr. Hills will publish the second edition, which we feel sure awaits his work, as "*The Songs of Beethoven, Vol. I.*," and insert a promissory note for the speedy appearance of Vol. II., we shall be happy to cancel the foregoing somewhat critical analysis, and write another in a different tone. Meanwhile, in so important a matter as the works of Beethoven, the musical public must not be deceived.

## Musical Correspondence.

### MUSIC AT THE SOUTH.

ALABAMA, MARCH 1.—Though a reader of your paper, since its existence, I have never found anything in it concerning the state of music in the Southern States, and Southern schools more particularly. I am not now speaking of the music of large cities, as the latter enjoy pretty much the same facilities you have in the North. With the country at large it is quite another thing. Here music is still in its infancy. It is true, music is cultivated everywhere, but as a general thing it does not extend beyond GROBE in instrumental, and GLOVER in vocal music. The Female Colleges, whose number is almost legion, enjoy the monopoly of musical education, and in some, nay, most of them, the height of ambition seems to be to have a good show for "Commencement."

For this purpose fully five months are devoted to the learning of the exhibition-piece, and everything is brought into requisition to give as much éclat as possible to the concert. A favorite plan of Southern teachers seems to be to have the same piece simultaneously performed on four, six or eight pianos. Others, who perform on the violin or flute, give some simple accompaniment to the pupil, while they sustain the burden of the music. I have known instances where banjo, tamborine, castanets and side-drum, triangle and big drum were called in as accompaniments to a simple little valse, performed by eight young ladies, on as many different pianos. There is one school, now in my mind's eye, where music forms so important a part, that the President himself does not disdain to enhance the performance by his active assistance. I will try and give you a description of one of the monthly concerts which I attended there.

First of all you must imagine a large hall with foot-prints painted all over it, in the manner of military drilling rooms. The audience is assembled. The folding doors open, and in steps the Principal, (a very small man,) carrying a Double Bass twice as large as himself. He is flanked by two young ladies with French horns. Then follow some ten more ladies carrying accordions, tamborines, triangle, violins and guitars. They take their place upon the platform, and as they commence a brilliant march—in march the pupils, carefully putting their feet upon the places marked out for them. When all have entered the concert commences.

1. "Days of Absence," by a young lady of but two sessions' tuition, with accompaniment of Double Bass and French Horns.

2. "We are all noddin'" Chorus, with accompaniment of the whole orchestra.

3. "Something to love me," with accompaniment of Guitar, Triangle and Double Bass.

Thus it goes on through the whole programme, from No. 1 to 25. The music thus performed beggars description. No pen can do justice to the venerable Principal as he works away on his huge instrument, in tune or out of tune, in time or out of time. And yet to see him there you would think that Orpheus himself was a mere tyro compared to him. The poor girls blow away on their French horns, until one expects to see them burst a blood-vessel, and the poor tamborine has rubbed her fingers sore. The audience is perfectly delighted, and the young ladies, when they leave school, take with them a

diploma stating that their musical education is "finished."

At another school I found, independent of lady-teachers, as they are called, four gentlemen who came there highly recommended. One of them had pursued his musical studies on a cobbler's bench, and, tired of catering for the "understanding," directed his efforts to the "soul." The second was formerly a civil engineer and architect, but as people were uncivil enough to pronounce him a humbug in his profession, he determined to teach music and to become the architect of his own fortune, if not of their houses. The third formerly practised as homeopathic physician. His musical knowledge is very homeopathic. The fourth one was really an excellent musician, and a splendid violin player. The last I heard of him was that the patrons of the school did not like his style, and the consequence was that he joined a circus company.

You can judge by the above whether music has taken a deep hold upon Southern schools. And yet it is a known fact that the musical department is the very one that sustains them all. Gentlemen, as a general thing, think it beneath their dignity to practise music, except it be to play the "Arkansas traveller," on the fiddle, or to pick the banjo. A vocal quartet is a *rara avis*: an instrumental quartet an impossibility. Church music is sadly neglected. But of this more perhaps in a future letter. Until then I remain yours

Musically,

D. D. D.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 5.—The third soirée of Messrs. WOLFSOHN and HORNSTOCK completely filled the beautiful Foyer of our Opera House, last Thursday evening. Mozart's quartet in G minor, for piano and stringed instruments, was fairly rendered, and elicited a hearty applause—the performance somewhat marred, however, by an occasional lack of that spirit, which the vivacious compositions of Mozart demand. The best rendered piece was Beethoven's stringed quartet in A major—so well performed as to afford delightful realization of the master's individuality. Mr. Wolfsohn, a pianist of fair talent and immense perseverance, played *An bord du ruisseau*, by Guttman; *Blumenstück*, op. 19, Schumann, and the *Fantaisie Impromptu*, op. 66, Chopin. Of these, the first named hardly deserves a place in the repertoire of those considering themselves classical pianists.

A Duo Concertante for piano and violin presented certain hacknied melodies from the hateful *Borgia*; compiled in a sort of partnership way by Messrs. WOLFSOHN and HOPKINSON—the latter an eminent amateur violinist. The arrangement did not specially electrify an audience, met for intellectual edification as well as mere pleasure. Mendelssohn's *Otello*, (op. 20,) for stringed instruments, concluded this excellent soirée; a noble composition, without a doubt, whose beauties, however, were not entirely developed for the audience; owing, evidently, to an insufficient rehearsal.

A very clever young pianist, and an aspiring composer, BONNEWITZ by name, gave a concert, on Friday evening, at the Musical Fund Hall—assisted by Mme. VOLKMANN, (a lady pianist of our goodly town,) and Sig. REZZO, a prominent Italian professor of vocalization. The Madame performed Liszt's *Cujus animam* quite acceptably, albeit lacking force in the octave passages for the left hand. Bonnewitz himself offered to the public an original Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, the second composition from his pen, which has been presented to the criticism of our connoisseurs within the past few months. His first effort—a Symphony bearing the title, "The Last Day"—shows clearly that while possessed of good talents, he had failed in the comprehensive mental grasp, in the originality, the sublimity of sentiment, the characteristic conception necessary to

the compassing of a symphony, and that, too, upon a subject so grand as that of the Judgment. Some of his harmonic combinations were skillfully devised, but, for any idea it conveyed of the awful Last Day, it might as well have been called the "Last of the Wampanoags." Still, Bonnewitz has good talents, clearly evinced in the trio, performed at his concert on Friday night last. There is a certain quota of skill for the working out of his ideas manifest; but the latter lack strength and originality, thus seeming to foreshadow the possession of more talent for development than genius for design. He is very young, and having accomplished even his present position, we have the best grounds for hopes of his ultimate eminence. He plays the piano very cleverly; his rendition of Liszt's *Tannhäuser* arrangement was at once correct and appreciative. The Opera opens to-night with PATTI in the "Barber of Seville." A large sale of seats, thus far, indicates the right spirit in the community, for a profitable and enthusiastic season. Buckley's Serenaders, with their native born prima donna, Miss JULIA GOULD, open at the Concert Hall, from this evening onward. They always draw largely here, especially when "Lucrezia Borgia," the "Pizener," supposed to hurry innumerable victims into eternity, through the agency of "Costar's Rat Exterminator," is announced upon the bills. I shall report the progress of the Italian Opera for you, in my next letter.

MANRICO.

NEW YORK, MARCH 6.—After a long dearth of good music it was a delight to have four Quartet Soirées announced by Messrs. MASON & THOMAS. The first took place last Saturday, and offered a most attractive programme. It opened with a Quartet by Schubert, op. 161, in G major, never before produced in this country. The only drawback was its excessive length; the first movement, too, was not as satisfactory as the others. The Andante and Scherzo, however, are exceedingly beautiful, and both, in different ways, perfectly characteristic of the composer. Beethoven's D major Trio, one of the lovely Op. 70 numbers, was very finely rendered, and besides this, Mr. Mason played Chopin's exquisite *Ballade*, and a pleasing morceau by himself. One great attraction was Sig. STIGELLI. It is a great enjoyment to hear this finished artist sing anything, but particularly German songs. He intones so perfectly, manages his voice so skilfully, and enunciates so distinctly every word. His "Tear" was rapturously *encored*, when he sang a little light Spanish Canzonetta: "*Isolita mia Corda!*" His second piece was Schubert's "Faded Flowers," which was exquisitely rendered.

You may have heard of the arrival in this country, some months ago, of Madame OMER PACHA, the wife of the famous Turkish General. She was induced to emigrate to America by peculiar circumstances, and for the same cause is obliged to enter the already overflowing ranks of the musical profession. A Transylvanian by birth, she married Omar Pacha, then still a Christian and in the Austrian Service, while quite young. She was either with him, or in constant correspondence with him during the Crimean war, and only left him when his notions of domestic life came in conflict, not only with her sense of womanly self-respect, but with her Christian principles. She went to England with Lady Stratford, the wife of the English Ambassador, and afterwards went to Paris, where her refinement, amiability, and social qualities made her many friends. Deprived, by unforeseen circumstances, of an income upon which she had depended for a life free from care, she finds herself under the necessity of supporting herself, and wishes to turn to account, for this purpose, her musical talent, which is quite unusual. She has composed several marches which were adopted in the army, and which are exceedingly spirited and original. Her intention is to give a matinee before long, by which she hopes to make herself known to the New York musical public and to obtain pupils. May success go with her!

I regret exceedingly that, by an awkward mistake, my notes of Mr. Schlotter's lectures have been mislaid. Should they be found I shall resume the broken thread, as the information they contain is useful at all times.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 10, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER. Continuation of W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Cantata: "The May Queen."

### Last Philharmonic Concert.

The rich programme, coupled with the startling announcement that this fourth Concert of the season would be Mr. ZERRAHN's last attempt to provide great orchestral music for a so-called "musical" city, which has so poorly patronized these opportunities for three or four years past, had the effect to fill the Music Hall for once. Surely the appetite, the exquisite delight with which Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was drunk in, every note of it, by thirsty souls, as thirsty soil drinks summer rain, ought to hold good as a public pledge that we cannot do without such music, and that we are willing and glad to pay well to make sure of it, not only four, but twenty times each winter.

The Symphony was rendered with the usual excellence by the orchestra of forty—not perfectly, to be sure, as regards many traits of tenderness and fineness, *pianissimo*, &c., but with much verve and spirit; and there was every evidence that it was enjoyed particularly well. Mr. Schmitt's analysis of the work, in our last number, contains some fine points, and is profitable to read. But we must dissent from so literal and external an interpretation, (shared with him, we know, by Berlioz and some German critics). Full of joy it is, and leading unto joy, like the ninth, like nearly all Beethoven's Symphonies, but why narrow it down to a German popular festival? Who could fail, last Saturday night, to recognize a great deal that is grander, deeper, of more universal meaning than all that? It is not true to the spirit of a pure musical creation to attach a literal, external meaning to it. Quite as little, on the other hand, do we believe in attributing to the composer any immense transcendental, abstract, metaphysical or moral purpose. And worse yet, worst of all, is that superficial scepticism which supposes a work of musical genius to be innocent and empty of all meaning, beautiful tone-forms and nothing else. A man of genius, in whatever form he works, always has at least himself, his life (and that a deeply significant one) to utter. Beethoven's character, his history, his aspirations, struggles, triumphs, are stamped most unmistakably on all his works. All agree in finding that struggle and that triumph in the Fifth Symphony. Is not the Seventh the logical sequel of that? Does it not spring from the calmer, more solemn, and yet more serenely joyful mood of one who has outlived the conflict and, by self-dedication to the highest, as it were conquered Fate? Mark the solemn grandeur of that introduction. Then the quick six-eight rhythm which sets in, and keeps on so powerfully, does it not sound universal, the thrill of a high thought that pervades the universe, the conquering rhythm of a sublime idea of harmony and order! Joy? yes; but only such joy as a soul like Beethoven could feel, in contemplation of a reconciled and happy universe; not a mere people's festival. Then the Allegretto, does it not open with the solemnity almost of some great sacrificial rite, some sublime act of dedication! Then joy follows, the very thrilling ecstasy of



bliss and freedom, in the Scherzo. But how lightly has our friend passed over the Trio, that positively sublime episode, where it always seems to us as if in the very midst of joy the heavens opened, and the composer's soul were caught up in a transport of celestial ecstasy; and with what a sigh it droops back, through a single chord, into the state of earthly consciousness and mortal joy! But we have no room to more than hint our thought.

Very pleasantly, after the exciting Symphony, could one subside and rest upon the "Winter Scene" (quite new to us) by Father Haydn. It was very much like listening to some of the descriptive recitative in the "Creation," and quite as fine as anything there. The accompaniments are beautiful, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, possessing his sweet tenor in unusual strength and freshness, gave a real satisfaction by the artistic and expressive manner in which he delivered every phrase.

The exquisitely delicate, dreamy and poetic Romanza, and bright Rondo from Chopin's E minor Concerto came next—one of the most difficult of piano pieces as to mere execution, and demanding fine musical feeling and perception besides. It certainly was a bold attempt for a young girl of twenty,—Miss MARY FAY, of this city. Two years ago, at a Mendelssohn Quintet Concert, she astonished by her brilliant execution in a Trio of Beethoven. Since then she has studied earnestly, severely, under the best direction, and this time her triumph was complete. Such clear, distinct, even, sustained, brilliant, graceful pianism, is seldom heard. Not a note was lost, even in that large hall. This was partly, largely, owing to the marvellous excellence of the Chickering Grand on which she played, an instrument in all respects the equal of the best Erard we ever heard; as sweet and musical, as it was distinct, in every tone; with nothing of hardness, and nothing of woodenness; pure tone set loose and vibrating; partly, too, to the skill with which Chopin has distributed the harmonies between piano and orchestra, so that no sound smothered another. Still there was a great deal left dependent on the player; and Jaell himself has hardly spread a complex piece before us with more distinctness and evenness upon that airy canvass. Her appearance was highly interesting; a face full of ambition and determination; movements graceful; especially the graceful play of her hands, which it was more than an idle pleasure in itself to watch. But what a lovely composition! How tenderly the accompaniment, with muted strings, enfolds the piano-forte part!

Part II., opened with "Music of the Future," another of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems," entitled *Fest-Klänge*, or "Festival Sounds." Heaven save us from such dreary, tedious festivity! It may have curious points of skill and novelty in instrumentation for musicians; but for the general sense and soul it proved unedifying; more like the next day's head-ache, than the feast itself; an indefinite wandering on, seeming to die to a close and re-beginning, over and over, as it would never end.

In Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto Miss FAY sustained herself at the height already won, well at home apparently with the orchestra, and proving herself quite equal to the performance of so formidable a work in public. It is one of Mendelssohn's most genial, spontaneous and perfect works, refreshing after Liszt. Why need our trumpets break in with such coarse and heavy sounds? They need a finer, more elastic temper, not the brass band tone of the streets.

One is of course thankful to make acquaintance with another of Beethoven's famous overtures. That called "*Die Weihe des Hauses*" (the dedication of the house) is essentially an opening overture, and would have had much more effect at the beginning, than at the end, of a concert. It was written for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna, and bears the *opus* number 124 among Beethoven's works, the Choral Symphony being op. 125. Our "Diarist" (see Journal of Feb. 18.) is more enthusiastic about it, than we were able to be after this first hearing. It did not strike us at all comparable to the *Leonore*, *Egmont* or *Coriolan* overtures. The opening is solemn, festal, grandiose, but sounded common for Beethoven; after the figure sets in, however, the real Beethoven fire kindles, and it grows more and more interesting to the end. A key to much of its peculiarity is found in the fact that in Germany it goes often by the name of "the Overture in Handel's manner."

### Musical Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The tenth Gewandhaus concert occurred Jan. 1, with the following programme: Motet for men's voices, with brass instruments, by Hauptmann; — Overture to *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; — Hymn for soprano solo and chorus, Mendelssohn, the solo sung by Fräulein Ida Dannermann; — Religious March, by Cherubini; — Chorus, concluding the second part of Haydn's "Creation"; Gabriel, Fräulein Dannermann; Uriel, Herr Bernard; Raphael, Herr Bertram; — Second Part, Choral Symphony, Beethoven; the soli by Fräulein Dannermann, Frau Droyschok, and Herren Bernard and Bertram; the choruses by the members of the Sing-Akademie, the Pauliner Singing Society, and the St. Thomas choir. Hauptmann's Motet is highly praised. The execution of the Choral Symphony is said to have been admirable, every member of the Leipzig orchestra having the whole of it, as well as of all the Beethoven Symphonies, in his very blood and marrow, says the *Signale*. The 9th Symphony seems now to be as great a favorite and as readily available in Leipzig, as the C minor is in Boston.

In the 11th concert (Jan 12) the selections were: Overture to *Les Abencerrages*, Cherubini; — Rec. and Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Fräulein Emilie Genast, of Weimar; — Beethoven's Piano Concerto (No. 5, E flat), played by Alfred Jaell, "Royal Hanoverian Court-Pianist"; — Air from "Barber of Seville," sung by Fräulein Genast; — Variations by Handel, Waltz (C sharp minor) by Chopin, and *Galop fantastique* by Jaell, played by Jaell; Songs, with piano, sung by Fräulein Genast: 1. *Im Herbst*, R. Franz; 2. *Mein*, F. Schubert; — Second Part, Symphony in A minor, Mendelssohn. JAELL does not wear out his welcome in Leipzig, but seems rather to gain ground there. Fräulein Genast is described as a singer of flexible but small voice.

Jaell also took part in the third of the Chamber Music reunions in the Gewandhaus. He played, with David, Schumann's 2nd Sonata (D minor) for piano and violin, and Schubert's Trio in B flat (op. 99), winning unbounded praise. The fugued Capriccio from Mendelssohn's op. 81, and a new Quintet (in F) by Rubinstein, filled out the programme.

The operas performed in Leipzig in the month of December were: *Santa Chiara*, by the Grand Duke of Gotha; *Zauberflöte*, Mozart; *Jean de Paris*, Boieldieu; *Fille du Regiment*, Donizetti; *Belmonte und Constance*, Mozart; *The Jewess*, Halevy; *The Barber*, Rossini; *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Tannhäuser*, Wagner; *The Betrothal by the lamp post*, Offenbach; *Der Freyschütz*, Weber; *Prophete*, Meyerbeer.

The Capellmeister JULIUS RIETZ is about to leave Leipzig for Dresden, where he will take the place left vacant by Reissiger. Who will succeed him in Leipzig is not yet known.

At the 5th Concert of the Euterpe, Jan. 17, were performed: — Overture to *Lodoiska*, Cherubini; — *Ave Maria*, for soprano, Cherubini, sung by Fräulein Wigand; — Concerto Militaire, Lipinski, played by Herr Arno Hoff; — Concert aria, Mendelssohn, sung by Fräulein Wigand; — *Chaconne*, for violin, Bach, by Herr Hoff; — Symphony, No. 4, Beethoven.

BERLIN.—Hans von Bülow gave a concert, Jan. 6, in aid of the Schiller fund, at which he played Beethoven's Sonata, op. 106; *Cantique d'Amour* and Rákoczy March, by Liszt; a Scherzo by Raff; Polonaise in E flat, by Rubinstein; Nocturne in G, by Chopin; Rondo from a Sonata, op. 49, by Weber; and Fantasia on Verdi's *Trovatore*, by Liszt.

The Italian Opera at the Victoria Theatre, under Lorini's management, commenced in January with *Il Barbiere*. Signora Artot, a pupil of Viardot, a blonde young Flemish lady, sang Rosina's music charmingly; the tenor was M. Carrión; Sig. Sedie, Figaro; and Frizzi, Don Bartolo. *Cenerentola* was the next piece.

A new opera by Count Redern, "Christine," was to be brought out at the Royal Opera House, Jan. 17, for the first time. . . . Vieuxtemps has been giving four concerts in the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt theatre. . . . Mme. Clara Schumann gave a Soirée in the hall of the Sing-Academie on the 19th.

### Musical Chit-Chat.

The next concert coming is that of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB, Tuesday evening, in the Hall in Bumstead Place. The revelry will be one of Beethoven's posthumous Quartets, op. 127, in E flat. Schubert's Quintet, with two cellos, will be played; and Mr. MEISEL will play again Beethoven's Romanza, a charming violin solo. . . . The ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB gave a nice concert Tuesday night in Brookline. They sang two new part-songs by Robert Franz, Maurer's "Praise of Song," Mendelssohn's "Turkish Drinking Song"; Marschner's "Serenade," a set of vocal waltzes, and Huertel's "She is mine." OTTO DRESEL played a number of piano pieces by Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c. Mr. JANSEN sang the bass air from the "Magic Flute"; Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, a couple of songs by Franz; Mr. LANGERFELD, Schubert's "Wanderer"; Mr. KREISSMAN, several songs by Franz; and Mr. C. SCHRAUBSTAEDTER, an air from *Don Giovanni*. When will the Orpheus give us a concert? Is the prophet without honor in his own city?

They have English Opera at the Museum,—the COOPER troupe, Mr. C., himself conducting, violin in hand. Miss ANNA MILNER is the prima donna. In the "Sonnambula" she looked and acted prettily, and sang much of the music finely; but her voice has grown hard and false in the upper tones. Mr. COOKE, the baritone, either has no voice, or it was wrapped up in a cold of the worst sort. The tenor (Elvino), Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER, strains hard, and has that unpleasant English way of *h*-aspiring each note separately. The Lisa was uncommonly good looking and good singing for a secondary part; chorus unmentionable. The talking portions of the drama flat and tedious; Alessio's fun quite of the Ethiopian Minstrel order. *Norma* and *Trovatore* also have been given this week. . . . There have been two complimentary concerts this week at the Bumstead Hall, one to Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, and one to Miss WHITEHOUSE. . . . Mr. B. J. LANG, the pianist, will give soon a farewell concert, before sailing for Europe. . . . The arrival in New York of a new prima donna, Mme. FABELL, is blazoned forth with many trumpets, chiefly cheap superlatives from South American newspapers.

We copied a few weeks since from the London *Musical World*, a very glowing letter from Berlin, describing an organ concert given there by a young American, "Mr. J. K. Paine," and the sensation created by his performance of fugues by Bach, as well as of compositions of his own. The person meant is doubtless Mr. J. S. PAINE, son of the late music-dealer of the same name, of Portland, Maine. It is but a few years since he went out to Germany to study; and we have received privately frequent assurances of his rapid and sound progress in the best walks of art. The "Diarist," for instance, writes us, Jan. 12: "Paine is the topic of talk in all the musical circles. Clara Schumann has heard of him, and I took him down to her a day or two since. He is to go again and play some of his music—a sonata, and fugues." . . . Mr. ARTHUR HAYTER, youngest son of the well-known organist at Trinity church in this city, has been elected organist at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, from among fifty competitors. Such a competition is no child's play, and no dilettante play either, in London, and the appointment bears high testimony to the musicianship of young Mr. Hayter. . . . Miss LIZZIE

CHAPMAN, of Boston, who has been studying with the best vocal masters in Florence for a year past, is exciting considerable attention there, and has been asked to sing at one of the Philharmonic concerts.

The March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains the first part of a very thorough, readable and scorching review of MARX's recent book about BEETHOVEN, from the pen of A. W. THAYER, the "Diarist." The reviewer is evidently brim-full of his subject, master of all the materials so far discovered. Still he writes us lately from Vienna: "I am getting so absorbed in Beethoven, getting such a clear insight into his history, finding so much that is new to everybody, and finding myself therefore in some sense a marked man among the musical people with whom I come in contact, that I feel particularly hard the being cramped for the means of embracing opportunities to make my work" (his *Life of Beethoven*, to which he has already given the labors of years) perfect, and am becoming every day more and more incapable of writing anything which is not directly to my great object. I now live, move and have my being in Beethoven. I became so overwrought with him here in Vienna, that I fled for a few weeks back to Berlin, as much to get away from my books and papers as for any other reason. My sleep was spoiled nights by thinking and thinking eternally on Beethoven. I have had the Beethoven MSS., which belonged to Felix Mendelssohn, placed before me, and am to know to-morrow whether I can use a lot now in the Royal Library, (Berlin), which are for sale. There are eight letters of Beethoven, and about a thousand pages of his sketch-books; price £200! My health is good and my Berlin friends are full of compliments upon my looks." All which the readers of this journal will be pleased to hear; but if you would make them perfectly happy, dear Diarist, publish that same *Life* immediately, and do not wait until you know too much; for if "Art," to such an earnest, conscientious man as you, "is long," remember also "time is short."

Sig. MUZIO, the Italian conductor of Ullman's Opera troupe, has repeated in New York that "Garibaldi Rataplan" which he first ventilated here. The *Allison* has the following humorously apt description of it:

Wednesday being the birthday of Washington, there was a little outburst of patriotism at the Academy; not American patriotism, mark you, but Italian. Signor Muzio, the conductor of the orchestra, ventilated a moderately new overture (recently played at the Brooklyn Philharmonic), and produced a brain new rataplan, called the Garibaldi Rataplan, and redolent of drums and fifes and other warlike engines of musical destruction. All the Italian artists who had no fear of Austria before their eyes participated in this piece, and Signor Susini who, it is stated, served under Garibaldi, staggered under a tri-color in a very pleasing and patriotic way. Still as Austria was largely represented in the orchestra, and played on the wind instruments, we are not certain that the Italians had the best of it. When a man persists in expressing his patriotic convictions on a piccolo flute, or a trombone, his advantages are immense. And thus an irrepressible conflict prevailed for some minutes, until the curtain descended to enable both parties to take breath. Then another struggle, and it was over. Signor Muzio's composition is not remarkable for its freshness; the first theme is clearly a reminiscence of "Martha," and the trio, although fluent, falls on the ear like an old friend. The piece was sung at the top of all the voices, and the orchestra, as we have before remarked, took an Austrian view of the composition and put it under martial law.

STIGELLI's triumphs in New York seem to have had a marvellously restorative effect on BRIGNOLI, after a protracted series of "indispositions." . . . They have been having a taste of opera in Augusta and other cities in Georgia. One of the local critics dilates with the appropriate emotions over "the queenly grandeur of the classically beautiful PARODI," and the "bewitchingly coquettish ALAIMO,"

while he finds in Sig. SBRIGLIA "exactly the appearance a tenor should have"—our readers will perhaps like to have a copy of the receipt, to-wit: "Olive complexion, large, dreamy, languishing eyes, pearly teeth, flowing hair, and a 'love of a moustache.'" GRONE, "the robust," is the baritone of the troupe; and Sig. TORIANI the conductor, "who is an orchestra of twenty-four musicians in himself"!

A Virginia postmaster, thinking perhaps more of John Brown than of music, is, consciously or unconsciously, witty in the following brief note to our publishers: "Dear Sirs, Your paper, directed to Miss — Comfort, is not taken from the office. She is not a resident of Virginia at this time."

The French papers still keep up their twaddle about the old maestro and his ways. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* translates the following from a letter dated Paris, Feb. 3, to the *Independence Belge*.

Rossini's Saturday receptions are finished. They had grown to be regular public gatherings. There were seen a crowd of faces coming from nobody knows where, who came into Rossini's as they would to a Café. The death of Mme. Rossini's mother furnishes a good excuse to the great maestro for closing his salons.

Every Saturday Rossini gives a dinner, and those that dine remain to spend the evening. A few intimate friends, who come every evening, come on Saturday also, as usual, so that on that day there are fifteen or twenty persons assembled there. On other days there are not more than seven or eight.

Apocryph of these dinners, the maestro is in despair. His cook (a woman) cannot cook macaroni! A few days ago, he had to clear out his house. Tonino, his faithful Tonino, a servant of thirty years, had a bad affair on his hands—the seduction of a young girl—nothing more! Justice was going to take it in hand. So Rossini sent him off to Bologna. He has also dismissed his man-cook, with whose morals he was dissatisfied. So he took a woman-cook.

Last Saturday he was telling me his troubles about the macaroni, when M. Possoz, the former Mayor of Passy, said to the maestro:

"I have found out the mystery. Your cook is a secret agent of M. Alphonse Royer, (the manager of the Grand Opera;) she will only cook you some good macaroni in exchange for a new opera."

"Alas!" answered Rossini, "that depends on my doctor and a little on my cook. If my doctor wills it, I shall produce some new works."

M. Possoz began to laugh, and Mme. Rossini, who was a little way off, shook her finger at her husband, with a look half-pouting and half-laughing. I did not know what was meant.

One day, Dr. R., Rossini's physician, begged him to write an opera.

"Doctor," answered Rossini, "restore me my youth—not for a year, or a month, or even a day, but only for one hour, and then you may ask me for ten operas; I promise you."

The doctor has undertaken to perform this miracle. He has gone to the East—the land of wonders, where the ancient Sphinx of pleasure still guards so many secrets important to be known. He hopes to bring back the all-powerful elixir that is to rejuvenate Rossini and produce new operas.

Rossini is constantly busy about his house at Passy. In this he has not as much taste as he has in music. He thinks that Italian decorators surpass the French; so he has got his from Bologna. Everything in the decorations of the house is musical. The panels and the door-tops are covered with groups of musical instruments. On the walls of the drawing-room there are pictures, the subjects of which are musical; such as Mozart's reception at Venice, Palestrina reading a libretto, &c. Even the garden is musical. There are yew-trees trimmed *en chapeau chinois*, and grass-plots shaped like vast contre-basses.

The other day something was said before Rossini about Wagner and his music.

"Wagner is," said he, "a man of immense talent, spoiled by a false system. His music is full of science, but he wants rhythm, the form and the idea—he wants melody."

Just then he was helping to a magnificent turbot with caper sauce. When it came to the turn of M. Carafa, who had broken a lance with him in favor of Wagner, Rossini sent him only the caper sauce.

"Why," said Carafa, "you have sent me nothing but sauce!"

"Well," said Rossini, "I help you according to your taste; it is like Wagner's music—sauce without fish!"

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